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# BILLY THE KID

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# BILLY THE KID



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Pat Masulli Executive Editor

# BILLY THE KID

## in THE DAY THE KID TANGLED WITH GROUCH GRIERSON



HEY, LOOK WHO'S HEADIN' INTO TOWN! BILLY THE KID!

HMMM... I'VE HEARD-TELL THE KID NEVER MAKES A MOVE WITHOUT HAVIN' A GOOD REASON! RECKON HE AIMS TUH TANGLE WITH GROUCH GRIERSON!

WHAT FOR? THE KID WOULDN'T TAKE A HAND AGAINST A RUCKUS-RAISIN' GALOOT WHO'S JUST PLUMB ORNERY BY NATURE! ITS THE REAL BADHATS -- THE LAWBREAKERS THAT THE KID'S ALWAYS AFTER!

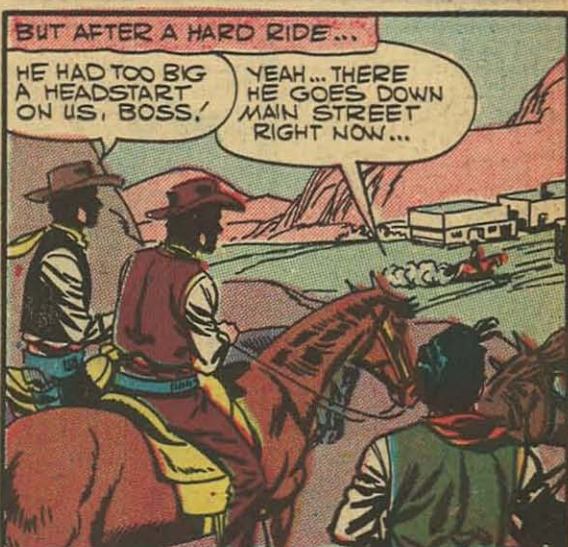


# BILLY THE KID





# BILLY THE KID





# BILLY THE KID





# BILLY THE KID



...I DON'T KNOW YOU FROM ADAM, BUT I'M FOR FAIR TRIALS AND ABIDING BY THE LAW.



HE'S FRAMING ME, KID, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY...

SHUT UP!



LEAVE HIM BE, GRIERSON!

NOBODY CAN MAKE ME!



NOBODY... GRIERSON??

THAT'S WHAT I SAID, KID! TAKE A GOOD LOOK ALL AROUND!



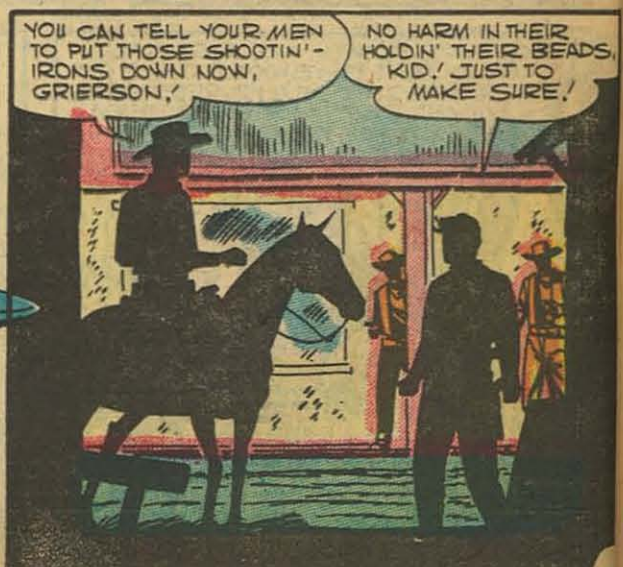
THOSE ARE MY MEN, KID! EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM CAN SHOOT THE EYE OUT OF A MOSQUITO AT A HUNDRED YARDS! AND EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM, KID, HAS HIS GUNSIGHT TRAINED ON YOU!



THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOU TO TAKE A HAND, KID! EVERYBODY HEREABOUTS KNOWS ME FOR HAVIN' A HOT TEMPER, BUT I'M NO LAWBREAKER! IF I'M GIVEN TIME TO COOL DOWN, I'LL SEE THINGS THE SHERIFF'S WAY! BUT NOT WHILE YOU STAY IN TOWN...



# BILLY THE KID



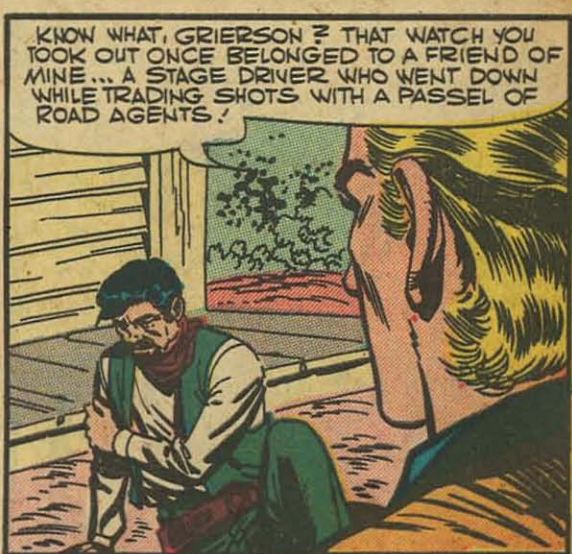


## BILLY THE KID





# BILLY THE KID



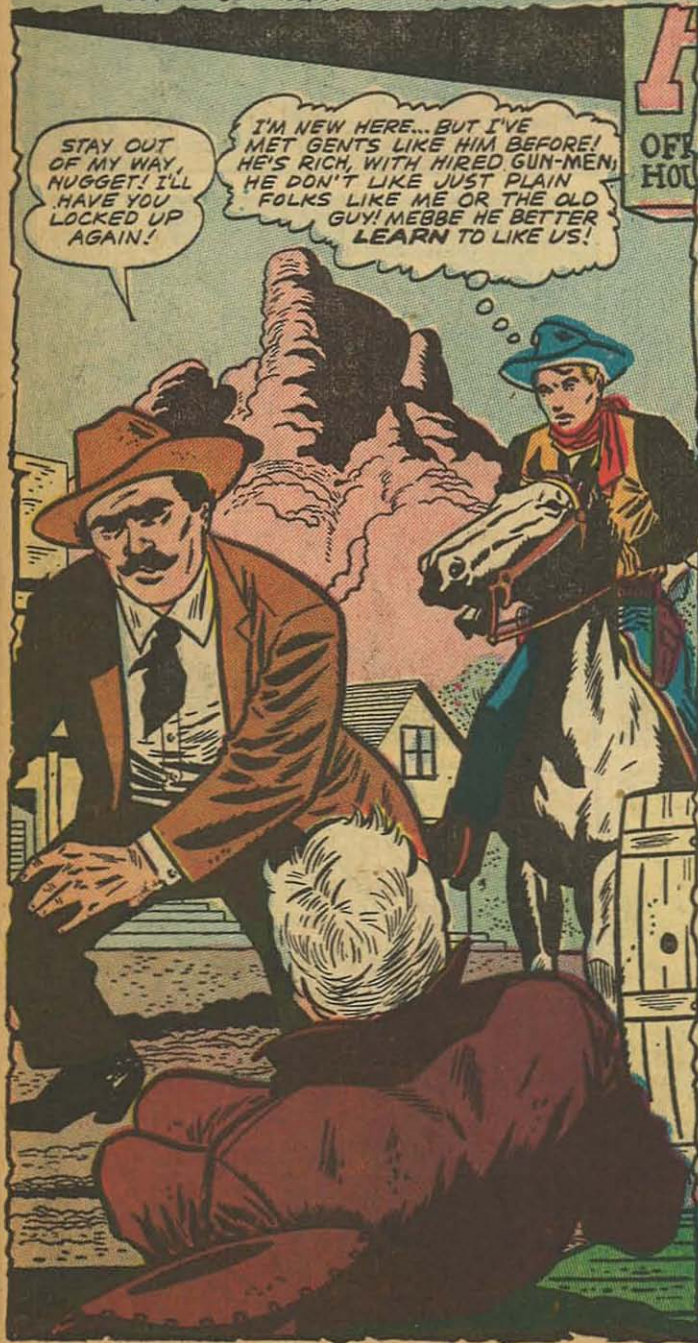


BILLY THE KID

# BILLY THE KID

in THREE HEADED TROUBLE

IT WAS A NEW TOWN FOR BILL BONNEY--OR BILLY THE KID!  
BUT HE GOT ACQUAINTED FAST...



STAY OUT  
OF MY WAY,  
NUGGET! I'LL  
HAVE YOU  
LOCKED UP  
AGAIN!

I'M NEW HERE... BUT I'VE  
MET GENTS LIKE HIM BEFORE!  
HE'S RICH, WITH HIRED GUN-MEN,  
HE DON'T LIKE JUST PLAIN  
FOLKS LIKE ME OR THE OLD  
GUY! MEBBE HE BETTER  
LEARN TO LIKE US!

OFF HOU

LISTEN, MISTER,  
LEARN SOME  
MANNERS OR I'LL  
TEACH YUH SOME!

LET 'IM GO, STRANGER!  
HIS THREE WATCHDOGS  
ARE IN TOWN! THEY'D  
CHOP YUH DOWN FAST!  
BETTER DRIFT OUT!



HE'S GOT THREE OF THE  
MEANEST MEN WORKIN'  
FOR HIM THAT EVER  
FORKED A HORSE! FAT  
JOHN CAN LICK YOU  
WITH ONE HAND TIED...  
SNAKE LIPPEN WILL  
SHOOT YORE BUTTONS  
OFF! AN' IF THEY BOTH  
MISS, SMILE DREW  
WILL FINISH IT!  
YESSIR, THEM BOYS  
ARE TROUBLE! BAD  
TROUBLE!



I'M REAL SCARED, OLD-TIMER!  
RECKON AFTER I GET A BATH AN'  
LOOK AROUND FOR A FEW DAYS, I'LL  
RUN LIKE A RABBIT! WHERE'S  
THE BARBER SHOP?





# BILLY THE KID

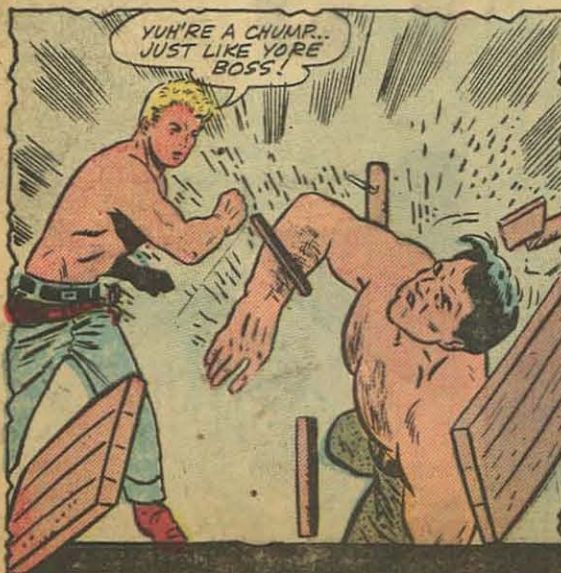
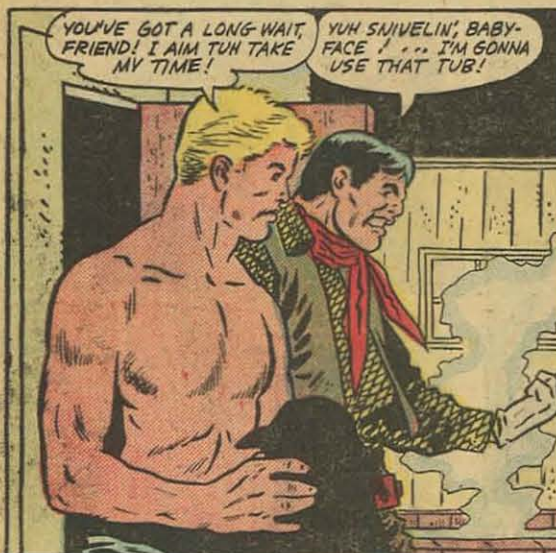
LIKE MOST COWTOWN BARBERSHOPS, THE LOCAL TONSORIAL PARLOR HAD A BATH IN BACK! BILLY HAD HIS HAIR CUT THEN GOT READY TO BATHE...



MEANWHILE, ON THE STREET OUTSIDE...

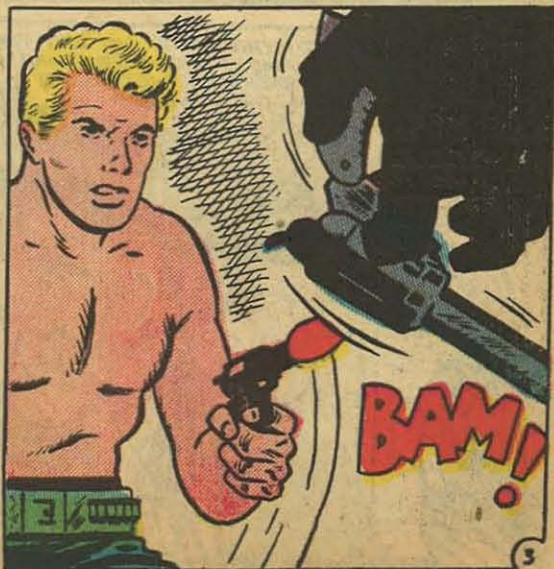
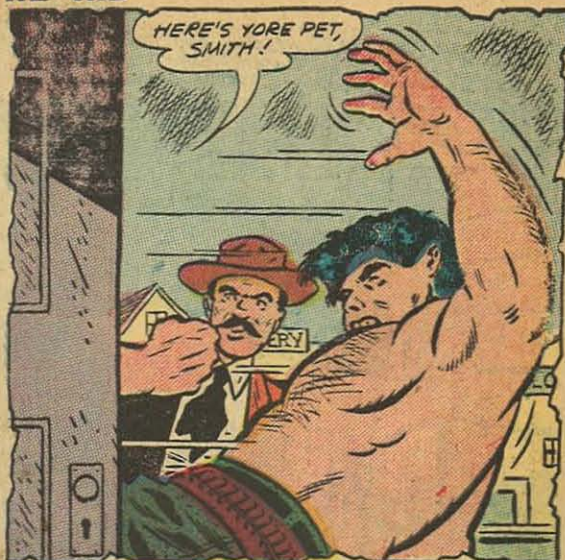
THE DRIFTER'S IN THERE! GO GET HIM, JOHN! IT MEANS A BIG BONUS!

LEAVE 'IM TO ME, MR. SMITH!





# BILLY THE KID





# BILLY THE KID

BILLY THE KID HOLSTERED HIS GUN AND TURNED TO ATLAS SMITH, THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE TERRITORY! SMITH WAS TREMBLING AS THE YOUNG ICE-BLUE EYES MET HIS!



THE KID FINISHED HIS BATH AND ATE! THEN HE WANDERED INTO THE GOLD NUGGET... HE'D LEARNED IT WAS ATLAS SMITH'S HEADQUARTERS!

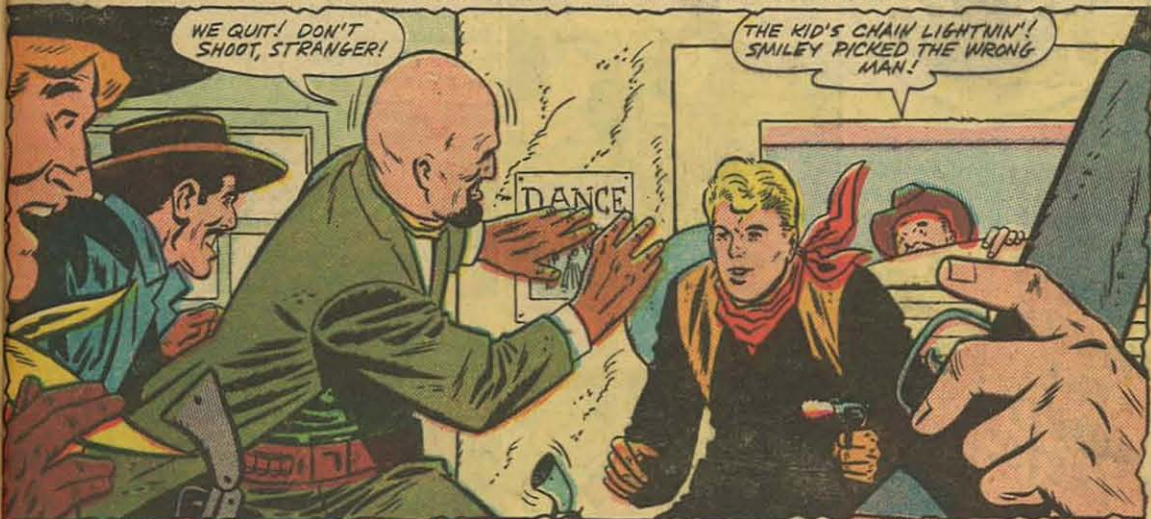




# BILLY THE KID



FOUR MEN IN THE BAR WERE ON ATLAS SMITH'S PAYROLL! ALL FOUR GRABBED IRON...AND ALL FOUR WERE TOO SLOW!



END







# BILLY

# THE KID

## BILLY THE KID

## IN DANGEROUS REFORM

MRS. WALLACE HAD DONE WHAT THE FASTEST GUNSLICKS IN THE SOUTHWEST HAD ATTEMPTED MANY TIMES! SHE'D SILENCED WILLIAM BONNEY'S GUNS! BILLY THE KID HAD BLUSHED WHEN SHE SCOLDED HIM FOR HIS SKILL WITH A COLT... HE TREMBLED WHEN SHE THREATENED HIM FOR DEFENDING HIMSELF AGAINST THE OWLHOOTERS WHO'D SWORN TO DOWN HIM!

YUH GONNA DRAW, BONNEY? I'M SAYIN' IT AGAIN--YOU'RE A FOUR-FLUSHIN' TIN-HORN!

BILLY! DON'T SPEAK TO THAT SCOUNDREL! REMEMBER WHAT I SAID!



BILLY THE KID HAD RIDDEN INTO BRIMSTONE HUNGRY FOR A MEAL, REMEMBERING THAT SOMEONE HAD RECOMMENDED MRS. WALLACE'S BOARDING HOUSE! AND HE RAN INTO THE BOYLAN BUNCH...

LOOK, BOYLAN, LAY OFF! I DON'T WANT TROUBLE!

YOU GOT IT, BONNEY!





# BILLY THE KID

BOYLAN  
HAD  
A  
MAN  
NEAR-  
BY  
READY  
TO  
DRAW!  
HE  
DID  
AND...



YOUR TRAP DIDN'T WORK,  
BOYLAN! GET OUTSIDE--  
I DON'T WANT A SIDE-  
WINDER LIKE YOU  
BEHIND ME!



THIS IS DISGRACEFUL! YOU  
MUST BE WILLIAM BONNEY!  
YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED!  
A NICE YOUNG  
MAN LIKE YOU  
FIGHTING!



YES, MA'AM!  
I'M SURE  
SORRY,  
MRS. WALLACE!

TOMMY BRENT SAID YOU  
WERE GOING TO BOARD  
WITH ME WHEN YOU  
ARRIVED! COME ALONG!  
THERE'LL BE NO MORE  
BRAWLING FOR  
YOU, YOUNG  
MAN!



MRS.  
WALLACE  
WAS  
LIKE A  
MOTHER  
TO THE  
FASTEST  
GUN-  
FIGHTER  
IN THE  
SOUTH-  
WEST!  
AND  
BILLY  
LISTENED!  
HE  
HAD  
TO...

JUST A MINUTE,  
BILLY! WHERE  
ARE YOU  
GOING?

JUST TUH  
GET SOME  
TOBACCO!  
OWWWW!



IF I HEAR YOU WERE FIGHTING OR IN A  
GUNFIGHT, I'LL SMACK YOU GOOD,  
WILLIAM BONNEY!  
HEAR?





# BILLY THE KID

JOE BOYLAN HEARD THAT... AND HE PASSED THE WORD TO THE OTHER THREE MEMBERS OF THE GANG...



BOYLAN WAITED FOR BONNEY TO COME TO HIM! BILLY THE KID STAYED AWAY AND MADE IT NECESSARY FOR ANOTHER TRICK...





# BILLY THE KID

10

THE  
WARRIORS  
THREW  
OFF  
THEM.  
THREE  
GUN-  
SLICKS...  
AGAINST  
ONE.  
BUT  
THE  
KID...



JOE  
BOYLAN  
MISSED  
WITH  
HIS  
FIRST  
SHOT...  
HE  
DIDN'T  
GET  
A  
SECOND  
CHANCE...



END



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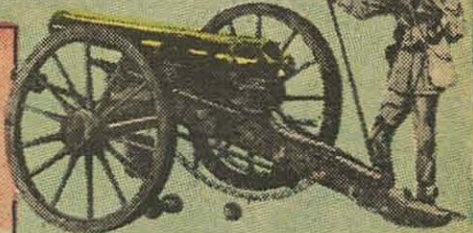


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BILLY THE KID

# MOUNTAIN MAN

GO AHEAD, CAT! SNARL ALL YUH WANT! IF I WASN'T IN A HURRY, I'D CATCH YUH BAREHANDED AN' PET YUH LIKE A TABBY CAT!



52866

HE HASN'T SPOKEN TO ANOTHER HUMAN BEING FOR A YEAR! HE'S HAD NO FUN AT ALL WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE BIG GRIZZLY HE TACKLED UP IN THE HILLS! AND HE'S HEAD-ED FOR TOWN WITH A LOAD OF PRIME BEAVER! THAT'S HURD FALLON, THE MOUNTAIN MAN... A SMILING, AMIABLE GIANT! DYNAMITE READY TO EXPLODE WHEN SOMEONE PRODS HIM!

FALLON BYPASSED THE TRADING POSTS! HE'D GET A HIGHER PRICE IN THE COUNTRY HE WAS HEADING FOR... AND HAVE MORE FUN...

HEY, BOSS... THAT'S A TRAPPER WITH A BIG LOAD OF FUR!

YEAH--IT'LL BE WORTH PLENTY TOO! LET'S WATCH 'IM PEDDLE 'EM!



FALLON HAD NO TROUBLE SELLING THE PELTS! THE PRICE WAS HIGH, TOO!

TWENTY NINE... THREE THOUSAND! BETTER BANK THAT, HURD!

SHUCKS, I WANT TUN SPEND SOME ANWHILE FIRST! NOBODY'LL BOTHER ME!





# BILLY THE KID





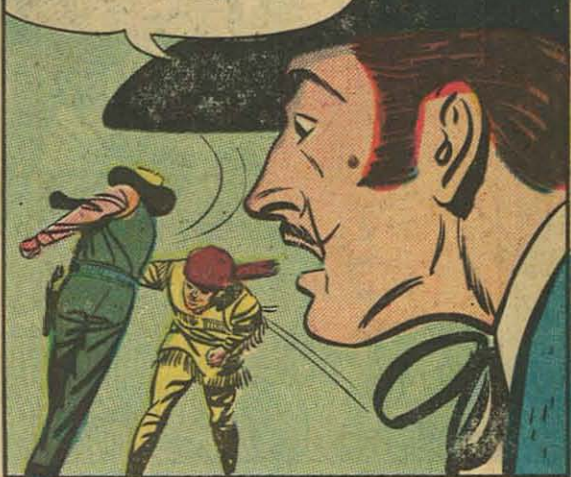
# BILLY THE KID

TURK DIDN'T GIVE THE MOUNTAIN MAN A CHANCE! HE LEAPED IN, SWINGING...

I'LL BET FIFTY ON THE TRAPPER!



GET HIM, TURK! GET 'IM GOOD! REMEMBER WHAT I SAID!



FALLON PLAYED WITH THE BULLY FOR A FULL MINUTE... THEN, HE DUCKED A WILD SWING, AND...



YOUR FRIEND'S THROUGH, BUSTER! WANT TUH TRY ME?

DON'T START ON ME, FALLON! I'LL USE A COLT ON YUH, NOT MY FISTS!



FALLON KNEW WHAT SNAP KAGEY WANTED! BUT HE STAYED LATE AND HAD SOME LAUGHS! THEN HE HEADED FOR THE HOTEL...



PEEL OFF THE MONEY BELT, FALLON! QUICK OR I'LL BLAST!





# BILLY THE KID

FALLON COMPLIES... HE GUESSED IT WAS TURK BEHIND HIM! AND HE ALSO GUESSED THAT SNAP KAGEY WAS BACKING HIS PLAY...



YUH'RE LUCKY, STRANGER! WHOEVER THREW THAT SLUG AIMED TUH FINISH YUH! C'MON TUH JAIL... I'LL FIX YOUR HEAD!



LOOK, I'LL GET MY MONEY BACK FROM KAGEY AND TURK! JUST DON'T GET EXCITED WHEN I GO TO WORK ON THAT GANG!

GO RIGHT AHEAD. WAIT'LL I PIN A DEPPITY'S BADGE ON YUH! I'VE BEEN WANTIN' AN EXCUSE TUH RUN 'EM OUTA TOWN!



KAGEY LEFT ORDERS, FALLON! STAY OUTA HERE OR ELSE!

I MAY AS WELL START WITH YOU!





# BILLY THE KID

FALLON INSTINCTIVELY KNEW WHICH MEN WERE KAGEY'S KIND--AND WHICH WERE HONEST MEN...

IT SURE MUST BE STRONG RED-EYE! THEY WENT DOWN QUICK!



WE GAVE YUH A BREAK, FALLON! BUT YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR IT!



LOOK OUT!



YUH GOT MY MONEY-BELT, KAGEY! WHERE IS IT?

IT'S IN THE SAFE BACK IN THE OFFICE! LET GO...



I HEARD THE CONFESSION TOO, HURD! HE AN' TURK WILL TESTIFY AGAINST EACH OTHER! I'LL CLEAN OUT THIS SNAKE PIT WHILE I'M AT IT! GO GET YOUR MONEY BELT!



HURD FALLON HAD IT PEACEFUL AFTER THAT! AS A MATTER OF FACT, EVERYONE IN TOWN WAS ANXIOUS TO PLEASE...

BOTTOMS UP, EVERYONE! GOOD! AIN'T IT?



END



# MEET THUNDER

Senor, my name is Pedro. That is all there is to my name. Do I have a last name? Si, senor. It is a very long one and alas, once it was famous. My ancestors owned all the land south of the Rio Grande. As a matter of fact this very ranch once was the territory of a proud Spain. You are standing on sacred ground. For it was at this very spot that Don Alvarez, along with six other gallant gentlemen from Madrid, fought a mob of wild yelling terrifying Apaches. It makes me proud to tell you that through my veins flows the blood of this Don Alvarez. It is a long story and I know you are waiting impatiently for your horses.

I am in charge of the horses at the L-I-A-R Ranch. You can call me a wrangler. But really I am the only man on this side of the Rio Grande, or even on the other side, who can speak with horses. Does this surprise you? Once, many years ago, there was a revolution. I was a General in the army. Why? I have no education. You can see that I am a simple man. I can't even write my name. I know it is Pedro. But at the end of the month I must sign the payroll at this ranch. So I put an X for my name. But I am clever. Very clever indeed. For when I get a big check then I sign with a big X. When I get a small check I sign with a small x. You can see at once it is impossible for any mortal to cheat Pedro.

Oh, yes, I told you I became a General. Now I will tell you the real story. We had been fighting for three months in the San Podesta Mountains. Some thing happened which you can not always explain, for after a while the fighting becomes very confused. Once we are on the south side of the mountains and the enemy on the north side. Then a lot of shooting takes place and we are on the north side of the

mountain and the enemy on the south side. But it is very warm in the San Podesta Mountains. Maybe some time when we take a long ride I show these mountains to you. When it is warm you must take a siesta. Fighting or no fighting, bullets or no bullets, from two in the afternoon until four o'clock, is siesta time.

We have a very simple system when the fighting takes place. One half of each opposing army sleeps while the other half fights. But what happens when we change places on the mountain sides? You senor, and you senor, and you senor are all intelligent people. At once you can see that half of each army is composed of half of the other army. But this is not important. For at the next change of side and siesta we get back the right half. Also this explains why rarely is a person killed in this kind of fighting. The soldiers shoot up over the heads of the other soldiers. Otherwise they might shoot their own soldiers and sometimes might even shoot themselves. This can happen. Because when the weather is very warm, the bullets become lazy. They leave the muzzle of a gun slowly and travel much slower. So if a soldier shoots ahead and runs, you senor, and you senor, and you senor, can all see the terrifying possibilities. You can be shot by your own bullet.

Once the other army gets a lot of reinforcements from the state of Chichuanahaba. Do not look for it on the map. Because when our side won we punished that state by taking it off the map. This state was once famous for having many Dude Ranches. People from the United States went to Chichuanahaba to ride some wonderful horses. But when the state was removed from the map, the tourists came here. We bought the horses from those Dude Ranches.



But it served that state right for being wrong.

When night came our side was scared. The General calls me into his tent and speaks out his heart.

"We are out of ammunition. What can we do? In the morning the enemy will charge us on their horses. We are finished. But I have heard you can speak to horses. Go out and save the day for us. You will be rewarded."

So on my hands and knees I climb up one side of the San Podesta Mountains and down the other side. This is not an easy thing to do. If you doubt me, then try it. But I am certain you do not doubt me. For would I, Pedro, with the blood in my veins of the famous Don Alvarez, stoop so low as to tell even the smallest of the smallest fibs?

There I finally come into the place where they have picketed all their horses. At once I can see Thunder. He is the leader of all the horses. For horses are like humans. When they get together one always wants to be the boss. Thunder is a very smart horse. He knows how to handle the other horses. So it is to Thunder I address my words of wisdom and advice.

"Oh, Great Horse of Horses," I begin. "Oh, Horse who is the leader of all horses, to you I come to inform you of how the men who are riding you are also deceiving you. For their cause is wrong and our cause is right. We are fighting over horses. Did they not tell you the truth? We believe that left-handed people should mount a horse from the right side. And that a right-handed person should do it from the left side. Does this not make sense to you? But they are foolish and stubborn. They believe a left-handed man should mount from the left side. And a right-handed girl should mount from the right side. Thunder, you are a very clever horse. Tell me what would happen if a left-handed man and a right-handed girl both wanted to mount the same horse at the same time? Is it not evident that there would be confusion?"

Do have nothing to do with people who are low and mean enough to want to confuse a horse. Let me get on your back. Then we will ride to our camp, and all the horses will follow. As a special inducement we have a lot of hay for you. True we do not have horses. We ordered gasoline for our trucks and they sent us hay by mistake. All this hay shall be yours."

I could see that Thunder was meditating over my words. Then he told me to mount him. With a yell I got all the horses to follow me to our side. It was a wonderful sight to see me on Thunder. He was proud of me and I was proud of him. And why not? Where did you ever see such a remarkable combination of the most intelligent horse carrying the most intelligent rider?

We brought the horses back to a place where

we had kept the hay. I myself, personally, supervised the feeding of those animals. For Pedro is a man of his word. I promised those horses hay and it was hay they got. Then I went to the General for my reward. Alas, his memory was short.

"You were absent from camp without a pass," he had the bare nerve to tell me. "You are lucky I do not have you shot at sunrise."

Oh, that villain. Would a horse do such a thing? Horses never are deceitful. I walked out of his tent and who was waiting for me? Thunder! He came over personally to thank me. Also give me the order for the next day. The horses would like to have some oats. He noticed tears in my eyes for the pride of Pedro had been hurt. Thunder demanded, not asked, the reason for those misty eyes. So I told the truth, how I had been deceived.

You could see the effect it had on the horse. He was quiet and motionless. Then he came close to my right ear and gave me the benefit of his wisdom. I listened carefully. What alternative did I have but to follow his suggestion?

So quickly I mounted his back and gave another yell. All the horses followed as we dashed madly to the south. For two hours the great herd with Thunder and myself were raising a lot of dust. Finally I saw a carriage drawn by twenty-two white horses. We stopped. For in that carriage I knew would be the leader of our country.

He remembered me at once. I told him the truth, word for word, how it happened. You could see the anger rise in his face. He was a man of justice. He made me kneel before him.

"Pedro I make out of you a General. Not a one star General. Not a two star General. Not even a four star General. But the first and only General in the history of our country to be a full Moon General."

Slowly we rode back to where I had left that deceitful General and his army. But not a trace could we find of him. Then we went to look for the enemy. They too had vanished. Alas, only too well did I know what had happened. In the confusion both sides had climbed higher and higher. There is a point known as "Lost Boundary" in the San Podesta Mountains. Once you get beyond it you are lost forever. And I mean forever. Probably they still are there to this very day.

But that raised another problem. Here I was a full General without an army to command. My leader had no spare armies to give me. What to do? Thunder again gave me some advice. So with him and all of those other wonderful horses we came to this Dude Ranch. Senor, I own Thunder. For five dollars you can ride him. Believe me, it will be an experience.

THE END



BILLY THE KID

# BILLY THE KID

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! IT LOOKED LIKE THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR BART JENKINS RIGHT THERE IN THAT SUN-BAKED ARROYO!



AFTER BART'S MOUNT TURNED UP LAME, HE USED HIS SIX-SHOOTER FOR A SPELL TO KEEP SAFE DISTANCE BETWEEN HIM AND THE APACHES!

BUT NOW HIS SIX-SHOOTER WAS EMPTY! AND ALL HE COULD DO WAS WAIT WHILE THE APACHES KEPT CREEPING CLOSER AND CLOSER...



OF ALL THE BLAMED LUCK! WHY COULDN'T THIS HAVE HAPPENED BEFORE I GOT ME A WIFE? IT'LL GO HARD ON MARTHA!



...WHAT WITH HER JUST HAVING BROUGHT A YOUNG 'UN INTO THE WORLD! TO BE WIDOWED AT A TIME LIKE THIS!



BUT BART JENKINS STILL HAD A HEAP OF LIVING AHEAD OF HIM! FOR JUST THEN...





# BILLY THE KID

WHO WAS IT, WHO HAD COME SLIDING DOWN THE ARROYO WALL JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME?



WHO WAS IT, WHOSE UNCANNILY ACCURATE SHOOTING WAS MAKING THESE APACHES TAKE TO THEIR HEELS WITH STARTLED YELPS?



AFTER THE RUCKUS...

BART JENKINS!

BILLY! WAS I EVER GLAD TO SEE YOU, OLD PARDNER!



IT'S BILLY THE KID!



THE YEARS ROLL BY FAST, BILLY! HOW LONG IS IT NOW SINCE WE WERE SIDEKICKS?

MORE YEARS THAN A MAN WHO STILL FEELS YOUNG CARES TO REMEMBER, BART! NOW FILL ME IN, OLD PARDNER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOURSELF NOWADAYS?



I'M SHERIFF HEREABOUTS, BILLY! GOT ME A WIFE AND A NEWBORN BABY! WHAT SAY WE DOUBLE-SADDLE RIGHT DOWN TO TOWN SO YOU CAN MEET MARTHA AND THE YOUNG 'UN?

UH-OH...!





# BILLY THE KID





# BILLY THE KID

BOSS, I SPOTTED BILLY THE KID  
HEADING INTO THIS TERRITORY!  
AND THAT'S NOT ALL I  
SPOTTED!



AFTER HEARING THE NEWS...

HMM... SO THE KID'S A CLOSE FRIEND OF  
THE SHERIFF'S! KNOWING THE KID, THAT  
MEANS HE'D BE SURE TO TAKE A HAND  
IF HE HEARD TROUBLE WAS GALLOPING  
THE SHERIFF'S WAY! HMMM!



WHAT'RE YOU  
COOKING UP,  
BOSS?

WE HAVE TO MOVE FAST! THE  
KID'S COMING TO THIS TERRITORY  
CAN'T MEAN ANYTHING FOR US  
BUT TROUBLE!  
EVERYBODY KNOWS...



"...THAT THE KID HAS THE SHARPEST  
NOSE IN THE WEST FOR SMELLING  
OUT THE TOP BADMAN OF A  
TERRITORY, AND SEEING THAT  
HE LANDS BEHIND BARS!"



...AND SHERIFF BART JENKINS IS TOO  
BLAMED SMART FOR HIS OWN HEALTH  
TOO! NOW LISTEN CLOSE! THIS IS  
WHAT I HAVE IN MIND!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

YOU SURE OF THAT,  
OLD-TIMER?

SURE AS I'M STANDIN' HERE,  
KID! HEARD THOSE SIDEWINDERS  
WITH MY OWN EARS!





# BILLY THE KID

HEARD THEM BRAGGIN' HOW THEY MEANT TO BREAK INTO SHERIFF JENKIN'S HOUSE AT MIDNIGHT TOMORROW!



THANKS, OLD-TIMER! I'M MUCH OBLIGED!

BE SEEN' YOU, KID! LUCKY WE LOCKED HORNS UP HERE ACCIDENTAL-LIKE... OR ELSE YOU MIGHT NEVER HAVE HEARD OF THE BAD TROUBLE THAT'S GALLOPING YOUR FRIEND'S WAY!



THAT NIGHT, IN TOWN...

GOOD WORK, OLD-TIMER! I KNEW IF ANYBODY COULD TRACK DOWN THE KID'S CAMP-SITE UP IN THOSE FOOTHILLS, IT WOULD BE YOU!

YUP! AN' I TOLD HIM JUST WHAT YOU WANTED ME TO! MIDNIGHT TOMORROW, I TOLD HIM... THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE!



THAT'S FOR SURE, BOSS!



GOOD WORK! NOW WE KNOW THAT TO GET TO THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE FROM WHERE HE'S HOLED UP IN THE FOOTHILLS, THE KID WILL HAVE TO RIDE DOWN MAIN STREET! IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO ARRANGE A WARM WELCOME FOR HIM!



IT WAS THE NEXT NIGHT NOW! AND ONLY ONE HOUR TO GO UNTIL MIDNIGHT...

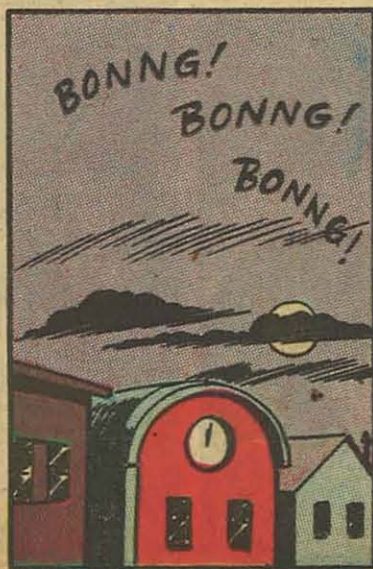
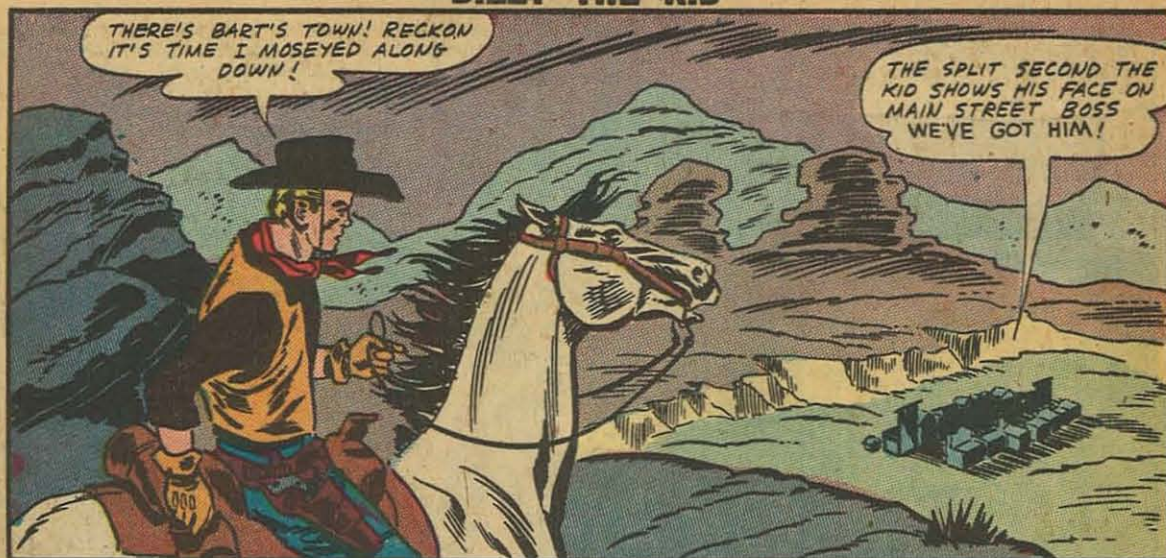
EVERYTHING ALL SET?

NEVER SAW A BETTER AMBUSH IN MY LIFE, BOSS!





# BILLY THE KID





# BILLY THE KID

IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT! AND NO SHOOTING YET! WHAT COULD'VE GONE WRONG? IT'S JUST NOT LIKE THE KID, NOT TO TAKE A HAND WHEN...



JUST THEN...



KID?

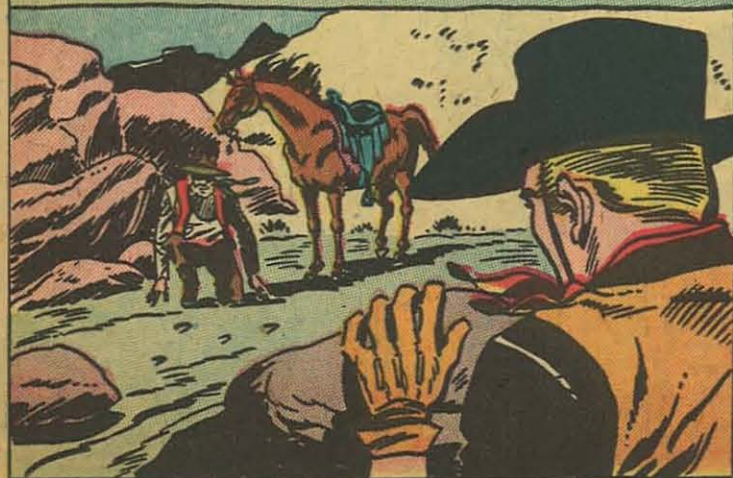
LOOKS LIKE I SHOWED UP AFTER ALL, DOESN'T IT? BUT NOT WHERE YOU EXPECTED ME!



I SPOTTED THAT OLD-TIMER AS A PHONY AS SOON AS HE SAID HE'D STUMBLED ACROSS MY CAMP-SITE ACCIDENTALLY! KNOW WHY?



"...BECAUSE I'D BEEN WATCHING HIM READ MY TRACKS AS HE SEARCHED ME OUT, FOR A GOOD HOUR BEFORE HE FOUND ME!"

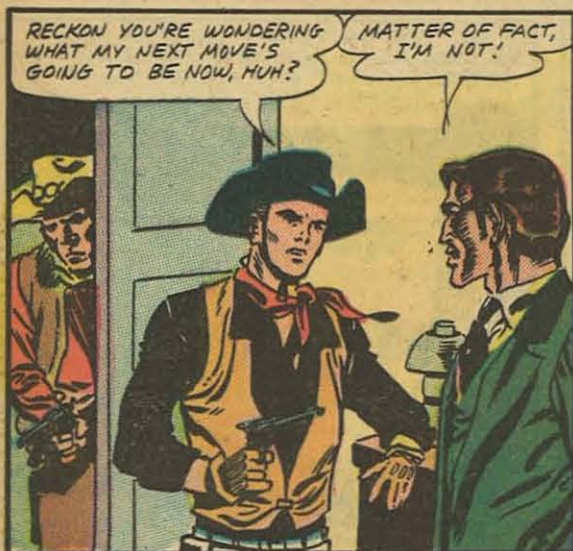
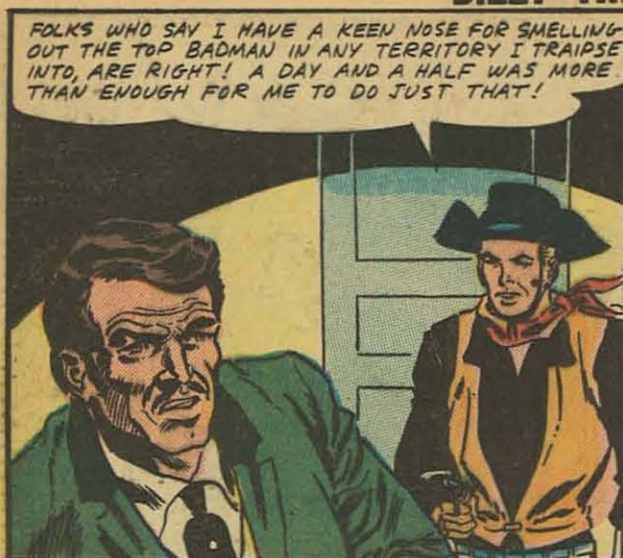


"...SINCE HE WAS A PHONY, HIS STORY ABOUT THE SHERIFF COULD MEAN ONLY ONE THING! THAT SOMEBODY WHO'D FOUND OUT THE SHERIFF AND I WERE FRIENDLY, WAS SETTING A TRAP FOR ME! THAT WAS YOUR FIRST MISTAKE! THE SECOND WAS TO GIVE ME ALMOST A DAY AND A HALF FOR SNIFFING AROUND BEFORE THE TIME OF THE AMBUSH!"





# BILLY THE KID



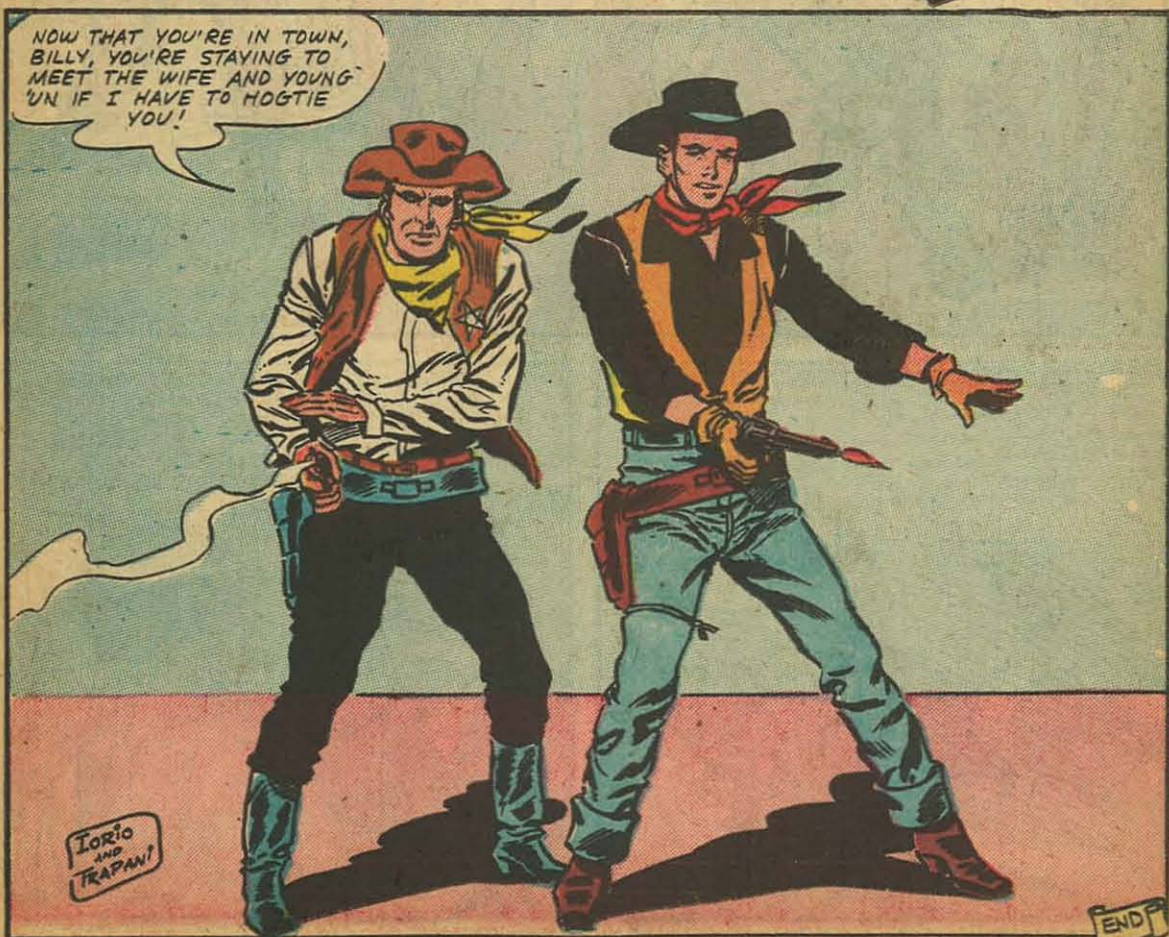


## BILLY THE KID



THERE WAS A LOT OF GUNPLAY THAT NIGHT! BUT ALL THE TARGET-FINDING LEAD WHIZZED IN ONE DIRECTION, SPELLING OUT AS IT FLEW, THE END OF THE GANG THAT HAD SET UP THE...

## AMBUSH ON MAIN STREET





# BILLY THE KID The **PLACE** OF THE **VISION**

HIS APACHE FRIEND, SENAWA, HAD SWORN THE MOUNTAIN TOP WAS HAUNTED -- BUT PETE BURTON HAD NOT BELIEVED IT UNTIL HE SAW THE VISION! THE BRAVE, PAINTED FOR WAR, DANCED IN FIRE, SEEMINGLY IN MID-AIR ...



S2754

THAT MORNING, PETE BURTON, A TRAPPER, HAD BEEN HEADED FOR TOWN! ENROUTE HE HAD MET A FRIEND ...

HELLO, SENAWA! HOW ARE YOU? HOW'S THE WIFE AND PAPOOSE?

GOOD, BROTHER! BUT TROUBLE HAS COME TO OUR BAND! WE SEEK A NEW HOME!



WHY, SENAWA? YOUR BAND HAD A FINE PLACE TO LIVE!

IT WAS GOOD, WHITE BROTHER! BUT IT IS HAUNTED NOW -- AN EVIL SPIRIT HAS COME TO LIVE THERE! THIS SPIRIT SENT US AWAY!





# BILLY THE KID

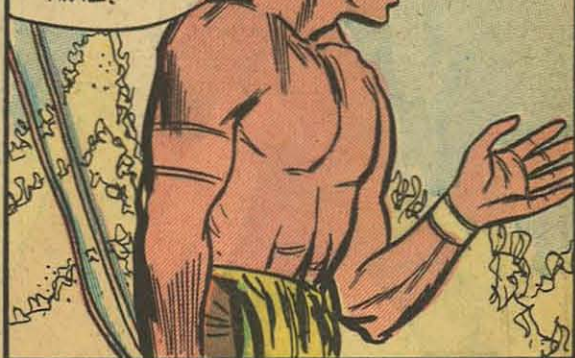
THE TRAPPER DIDN'T BELIEVE AS THE INDIANS DID! HE THOUGHT ALONG MORE PRACTICAL LINES...

REMEMBER THE TALL WHITE MAN WHO HAD NO HAIR? IS HE IN THE VISION?

NO, PETE BURTON. THIS IS NOT WHITE MAN'S EVIL.



THE VISION IS AN INDIAN BRAVE PAINTED FOR WAR! HE IS EVIL -- WE KNOW! CHIEF RED DEER HAS A BROKEN LEG! THE SPIRIT CHASED HIM DOWN A CLIFF! YOU CANNOT HELP US THIS TIME!



DESPITE SENAWA'S STATEMENT, BURTON TURNED HIS HORSE TOWARD MORNING STAR MOUNTAIN! HE HAD TO SEE THAT VISION...

ACCORDING TO THESE HOOF MARKS, WHITE MEN HAVE RIDDEN UP HERE RECENTLY! IT'LL BE DARK IN AN HOUR -- I WANT TO CAMP UP ON TOP TONIGHT!



I'VE GOT COMPANY! I SAW A HAWK LEAVE. IT'S NEST -- DISTURBED BY SOMEONE! EVEN THE DESERT MICE ARE HIDING!



I'LL BE READY WHEN THE PARTY STARTS! THAT WON'T BE FOR AN HOUR YET!



PETE DOZED LIGHTLY...UNTIL HE HEARD THE WHISPER OF A MOCCASIN ON ROCK! HE OPENED HIS EYES AND...





# BILLY THE KID



THE TRAPPER'S SHOT SHATTERED THE GHOSTLY STILLNESS ON MORNING STAR MOUNTAIN. AND A MOMENT LATER, THE ROAR OF COLTS WAS DEAFENING...



MORNING FOUND HIM CAMPED IN A LESS CROWDED SPOT AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN. HE HAD COMPANY -- SENAWA HAD RETURNED...





# BILLY THE KID

PETE BURTON WENT UP THE MOUNTAIN ONCE MORE! THIS TIME, HE HAD A GOOD IDEA OF WHAT HE WAS SEARCHING FOR...

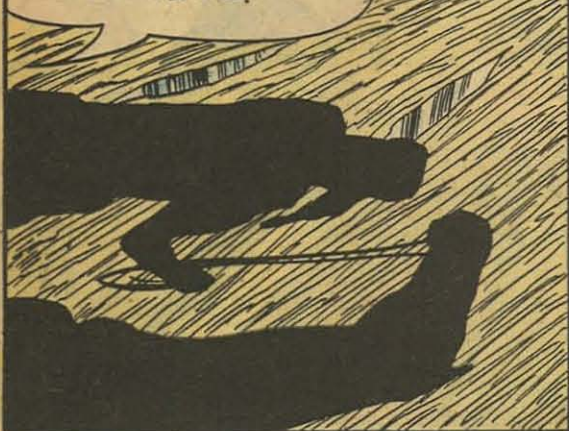
THERE'S THE ROCK! I'LL TAKE A LOOK JUST TO BE SURE -- BUT I KNOW WHAT I'LL FIND.



MY SPIRIT FRIEND POURED OIL IN THE CIRCULAR TRENCH AN' LIT IT UP! THEN HE DANCED INSIDE THE CIRCLE OF FIRE! IT SCARED OFF SENAWA AND HIS BAND -- IT WON'T WORK ON ME!



THAT BALD-HEADED PROSPECTOR WAS AROUND HERE ONCE! RED DEER RAN HIM OFF, I'LL BET HE CAME BACK WITH FRIENDS!



UH-OH! THEY'RE AFTER GOLD, ALL RIGHT! AN' I'LL BET THEY FOUND PLENTY!

GET 'EM UP, MISTER! HIGH!



YUH CAME BACK, EH, SNOOPER? WELL, YUH'RE NOT GETTIN' ANOTHER CHANCE!

ME FIX! HE BREAK BOW, HURT HAND!



THE TRAPPER KNEW HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE -- BUT HE MADE A FEEBLE, HALTING MOVE TOWARD HIS GUN! AS HE'D HOPED, THE MINER THREW A WARNING SHOT...

HOLD IT, BURTON! LOOK, YUH MADE ME BUST THE OIL DRUM!

YUH DON'T NEED IT ANY MORE ANYHOW! TWO BOTTLE JOHN'S GHOST DANCE WORKED! I GIVE UP!





# BILLY THE KID

I SPOTTED THIS GOLD SIX MONTHS AGO! THE INJUNS CAMPED HERE WOULDN'T LET ME DIG -- SO I SCARED 'EM AWAY! SUCK, EH?

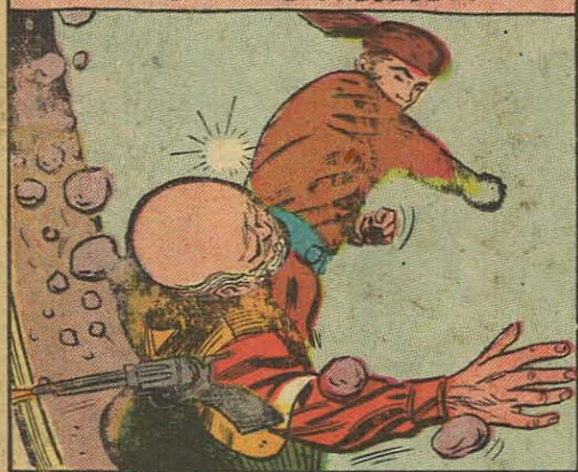
THAT GOLD WON'T BUY YOU A CIGAR, MISTER! YOU'LL NEVER SPEND IT!



RED DEER'S BUNCH WON'T STAY AWAY! THERE'S PROBABLY SOME BRAVES OUT THERE NOW. WAITIN' TUH JUMP YUH!



THE GOLD PIRATE ONLY TURNED TO LOOK AT THE ENTRANCE FOR A SECOND -- AND THAT WAS ALL THE TRAPPER NEEDED...



I DID GET HELP, MISTER! SENAWA FIRED THE OIL WITH A FLAMING ARROW!



I HEARD A GUNSHOT AND CAME AT ONCE! THAT BRAVE-- HE IS THE ONE IN THE VISION!

YEAH, PART OF THE SHOW TO SCARE YOU OFF, SENAWA!



YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE WILL NEVER GO HUNGRY AGAIN! YOU'LL HAVE GOLD TO DIG WHENEVER YOU NEED SUPPLIES!

WE HUNT FOR FOOD, WE DO NOT BUY IT! WE WILL COVER THE GOLD WITH DIRT AND FORGET IT!



END



# BILLY THE KID

## IN THE MAGIC BELL

# BILLY THE KID

THE GOLDEN BELL WITH THE GOLDEN TONE HAD BEEN THE CHERISHED POSSESSION OF THE INDIAN MISSION! THE INDIANS, AND THE FEW WHITE MEN WHO LIVED THERE, BELIEVED ITS SOUND CURED ILL AND EVIL! BUT GAR TORKEL BELIEVED HE COULD MELT IT DOWN FOR ITS GOLD -- AND BILLY BONNEY WAS SURE HE COULDN'T!

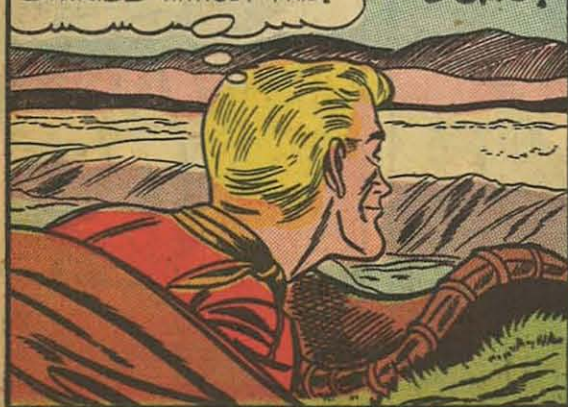


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EVERYONE WHO'D EVER HEARD THE TONES OF THE GOLDEN BELL LOVED IT! BILL BONNEY WAS NO EXCEPTION...

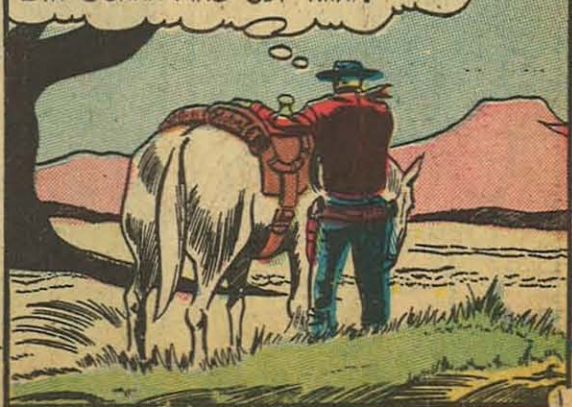
IT SURE IS PRETTY! THEY RING IT AT SUNSET AND SUNRISE WITHOUT FAIL!

**DANG!  
DONG!**



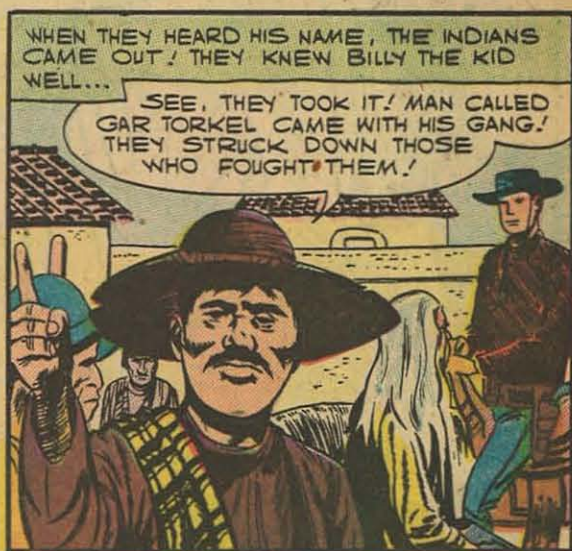
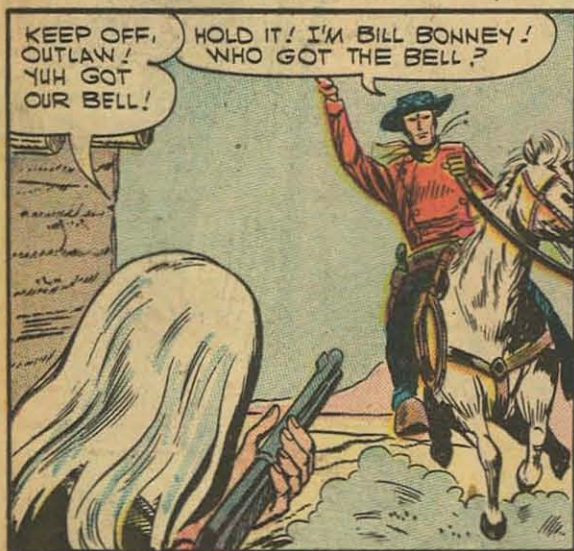
BILLY THE KID WAS AWAKE BEFORE SUNRISE, SMILING, AS HE ANTICIPATED THE GOLDEN SOUND...AND HE WAS DISAPPOINTED...

IT DIDN'T RING! THE BELL DIDN'T RING! SOMETHING'S WRONG AND I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHAT!





# BILLY THE KID





# BILLY THE KID



I'LL SEND ONE OF YORE CROOKED PALS OUT FOR YUH, TINKHORN!

OWWWW!

BUSHWHACK CITY WAS WIDE OPEN! A SURVEYOR'S ERROR MADE IT A NO MAN'S LAND-- NO STATE CLAIMED IT, NO LOCAL GOVERNMENT RAN IT...



HEY, LOOK! IT'S BILL BONNEY! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I DON'T WANT TROUBLE! WHERE'S GAR TORKEL?

BILLY WAS JUST A BIT FASTER...



YUH GOT 'IM BEAT, REDEYE!



WHERE'S GOR TORKEL? SPEAK UP, REDEYE!

HE'S INSIDE! HE'LL TAKE YUH, BABYFACE!

TORKEL HAD A LONG RECORD... BUT BILLY THE KID WORE NO BADGE! HE WANTED ONE THING-- THE MAGIC BELL...



HELLO, BONNEY! YUH HUNTIN' TROUBLE?

JUST A BELL, TORKEL! YOU GOT IT! I WANT IT BACK!



# BILLY THE KID

YUH CAN'T HAVE IT, BONNEY!  
IT'S GOLD -- A LOT OF GOLD!



EVEN BILLY THE KID COULDN'T  
BEAT THOSE COCKED HAM-  
MERS! HE DOVE, ROLLED,  
AND...



HOLD IT, TORKEL! TAKE  
ME TUH THE BELL!  
PRONTO!



THERE IT IS,  
PURE GOLD!  
BUT YUH'LL  
NEVER  
TAKE IT  
OUTA HERE,  
BONNEY!

YESS, I  
WILL! GET  
A SACK-  
BOARD,  
TORKEL!  
CALL YORE  
MEN!



TORKEL GAVE THE ORDERS...  
AND BILLY WATCHED ALERTLY!  
BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE EYES  
IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD...

TELL THEM TO START  
LOADIN' THE BELL ON  
THE WAGON, TORKEL!



GOOD WORK! WE'LL  
HANDLE HIM NOW!





# BILLY THE KID

THE KID WAS PARTIALLY STUNNED, BUT HE RECOVERED QUICKLY...

THEY'VE GOT ME--THEY THINK! I'LL ACT GROGGY FOR A SECOND AND...

WATCH IT, BUCK! HE CAN'T HIT US HERE! EVEN BILLY THE KID CAN'T FIRE AROUND A CORNER!

BUT TORKEL WAS WRONG! BILLY WAS HEP TO ALL THE TRICKS! AND BANKING BULLETS OFF A SOLID SURFACE WAS ONE OF THEM...

HEY, TORKEL! HOW AM I DOIN'? GETTING CLOSE?

ZING!

HOLD IT, BONNEY! I'M COMIN' OUT!

CLANG!

ZING!

CLANG!

ZING!

I'LL FIX YOU FOR...

THAT DOES IT, TORKEL! YORE BACKSHOOTIN' PALS WON'T MAKE ANY TROUBLE NOW! GET 'EM STARTED LOADIN' THAT BELL!

ZING!

THE BELL WAS RESTORED TO THE MISSION AND TORKEL AND HIS CRONIES WENT TO JAIL! BILL BONNEY'S REWARD? A SIMPLE PLEASURE...

DANG!

DONG!

END



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Take orders for just 3 of these fast-selling combinations a day (our 2-in-1 plan) and you earn up to \$660 per month. Here are just a few of the combinations folks buy from you fast:

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Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

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# BILLY THE KID *PEACE LOVIN'* MARSHAL

FOLKS SAID DAVE ASHER DIDN'T EVEN OWN A GUN, MUCH LESS KNOW HOW TO FIRE ONE... BUT HE'D BEEN APPOINTED MARSHAL AND HE DID ALL RIGHT! THERE WAS NEVER ANY REAL TROUBLE IN WASHOE UNTIL THE CURRY BROTHERS HIT TOWN!



53149





# BILLY THE KID

THE CURRYS WERE MEAN...AND  
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE...

WE'RE GONNA HOLD UP  
THE BANK! ARE YOU  
GONNA TAKE A HAND  
STOPPIN' US?

N-NOT ME,  
MISTER! LET  
THE MARSHAL  
DO IT!

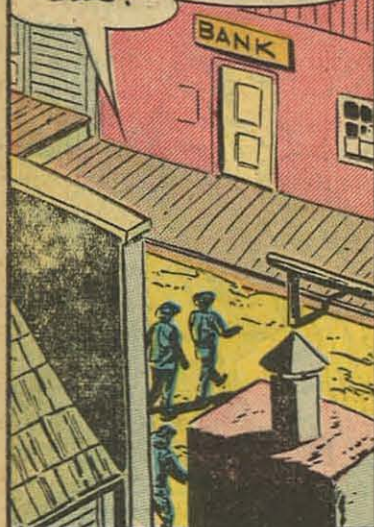


THIS IS GONNA BE EASY!  
AIN'T THAT PEACE LOVIN'  
MARSHAL EVEN GONNA  
COME OUT TO SAY  
HELLO?

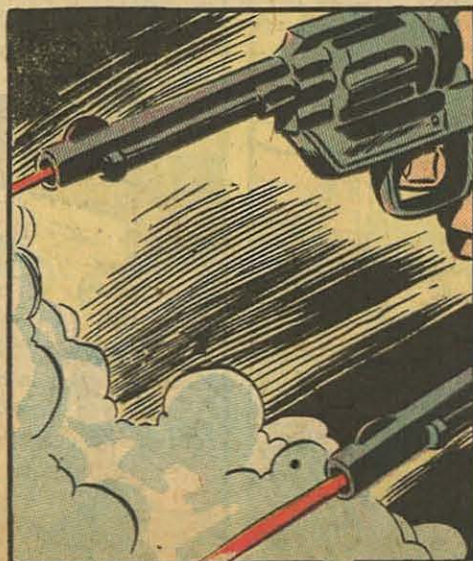
DAVE ASHLEY CAME OUT...

I'M DAVE ASHLEY,  
THE MARSHAL  
IN WASHOE!  
YOU ALL ARE  
UNDER  
ARREST!

HUH?  
GET  
HIM,  
BOBBY!



EVERY-  
ONE  
WAS  
WATCHING  
THE  
CURRYS'  
LIGHTNING  
FAST  
DRAW!  
NO  
MAN  
SAW  
ASHLEY  
SLAP  
LEATHER  
AND...



THAT WAS AMAZING,  
MARSHAL! WE  
THOUGHT YOU WERE  
A... WE DIDN'T  
THINK YOU'D...  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT I MEAN!

ASHLEY'S NOT  
MY RIGHT  
NAME, TANNER!  
I'LL NEVER SAY  
WHAT IT IS, BUT  
IF THE CURRYS HAD  
HEARD IT, THEY  
WOULDN'T BE HERE  
TODAY!



END!



# Fling A Bullet

One look at the rider on the brown stallion and you could at once tell his identity. His face alone was an extraordinary one. The blue eyes looked out with challenging force. In the fashion of the time a walrus tusk mustache cut between a well formed nose and a mouth at once strong and suggestive of emotional control. His hair was blond. He was five feet, ten inches tall, but his spare frame made him look taller. His hands could be very tender when they lifted a baby up from a crib, or they could be so powerful that he could straighten out, by sheer force alone, a horseshoe.

The clothing he wore was of excellent taste and made especially for him. Twice a year, Ben Ruskin the tailor from St. Louis made the trip to measure the rider and make him six suits. The coat and trousers were jet black. His stetson was also of the same color and the brim was a bit narrow. His white shirt was pleated. On the right side of his saddle bag you could spot his name in golden letters: Dr. John W. Anderson.

Maybe he should have been riding a coal black stallion. His horse was light brown with a few flashes of white. High Power was about the fastest thing on the hoof, yet he held his horse down to a snail's pace apparently without any effort. The reins were held loosely in his left hand. He was going south along the one and only Main Street of Bolton City. He stopped before a place that bore the legend: Dave Garrand, Blacksmith.

He dismounted quietly, quickly, and efficiently which was his way of doing everything. A teen age lad immediately came from the blacksmith's shop and took the reins of High Power. Then the blacksmith himself came out.

"Good day, Dr. Anderson," was his greeting. "Hello, Dave," was the reply. "Check the left front horseshoe. Then see that my horse is fed and watered. I am going to the hotel."

Without a word or an order, the teen age lad removed the saddle bag from the horse. The

youth followed Dr. Anderson as he backtracked about three hundred yards to the hotel. There the famous man of the West mounted the three steps and was inside the lobby. The clerk at the desk was having a hard time arguing with a stout middle aged man.

"But I haven't a room for you," repeated the clerk.

"I must have a room," replied the man.

"The widow Brown has some rooms. I will give you a note to her," added the clerk.

"I am a very important person in the territory," said the man. "Things could be difficult for you."

Dr. Anderson heard what the man had said. He went up to the desk and the clerk smiled in relief. The clerk went to his letter boxes and gave the medico a key. Dr. Anderson signed the register.

"You gave him a room," shouted the man. "I came here first. Now there is going to be trouble."

"Mr. Pawley," suggested Dr. Anderson, "If you keep that up you will either die from a stroke or a shot. Surely, you don't want to turn into a corpse. If you want to be sure of a room then do what I do. I take a room on a yearly basis so it is always ready for me. Better go over to the Widow Brown. Wait another hour and you will probably be sleeping inside the stage coach."

The man to whom those words were addressed opened his mouth to reply. Then he changed his mind and walked out of the hotel. He decided to follow the advice given to him. The teen age lad carried the saddle bags upstairs to a large room. Dr. Anderson took a silver dollar from his pocket and flipped it up into the air. "Catch," he said.

The boy caught it and there was a big smile on his face as he left the room with a single word:

"Thanks!"



A few minutes later the porter brought up a pitcher full of hot water and some towels. He left the room and Dr. Anderson turned the key. He removed his jacket and part of his armament. Around his hip was a full cartridge belt. His revolver had a black ivory grip and was a .44 Colt which swung loosely from a scabbard on his right hip. Underneath his left armpit was a shoulder holster. In this he carried a cut down .44 Colt with a two inch barrel. A cord around his neck was attached to a weapon he had designed himself and which had been made for him by Louis Darley, the gunsmith. It was a sawed off shotgun with a pistol grip. He carried a sheath knife with a blade that had a razor edge. Even the Indians had a special name for him: La-Srinah-Soo which roughly translated meant Walking Arsenal. In his capacity as Special United States Marshal he had to travel over dangerous territory. He was ready for action — at any time.

He washed his hands and face and then carefully rearranged his armament and jacket. Then he turned the key in the door and opened it. He went downstairs into the dining room where his table was ready and a waiter helped him with the chair. Soon he was eating his favorite dish — medium and not too well done thick slice of roast beef with a gigantic potatoe half smothered in butter. Another chair was brought to the table and a tall lanky man, wearing a sheriff's badge, sat down without an invitation. For Sheriff Jed Larson needed no invitation.

"Hello, Jed," greeted Dr. Anderson.

"Hello, Doc," greeted his friend. "I guess I don't have to ask why you are in town. My wife feels much better since you gave her those pills."

"Glad to hear it," smiled Dr. Anderson. "Where will I find Max Fraas?"

"He's over at Long Acre waiting for you," was the reply. "Want me to help you arrest that killer?"

"I have a federal warrant for his arrest. The charge is killing a soldier. One, Frank Bouvier, from Fort Sill. You had no grounds for an arrest anyway. That killer will have a tough job getting out of this."

"Don't be too certain of that," interrupted the feminine voice of Dottie Wilson. "That snake in the grass never fought fairly in his entire life. He's behind the cloak door facing the bar. When you go in he will take his time and kill you right in back of your head."

"Thanks for the warning, Dottie," acknowledged Dr. Anderson. "That happens to be exactly the way he killed the soldier. I want to

taste the apple pie and drink my coffee, then I will go over to the Long Acre."

A half an hour later, Dr. John Anderson walked slowly into the Long Acre. Outside was the sheriff restraining the young lady who couldn't figure out why the man she had warned apparently seemed to ignore what she had said. They saw him go up to the bar. His back was to the door, and behind that door was a waiting killer!

There was no person on the other side of the bar. Dr. John Anderson found himself looking at his own image in the mirror. His left hand straightened out his tie. His keen ears were listening for any betraying sound behind the door. He well knew what he was going to do. He could have used his special shotgun to blast right through the door and finish off the man who wanted to kill him. But that was not his way.

He looked carefully along the wall until he found the spot. In a split second his gun had been unholstered and he fired one shot into the wall. The bullet ricocheted into his target behind the door. He heard the thud of a body hitting the floor. Then the men who had been at the far end of the place rushed over to him.

He opened the door and there was the body of Max Fraas on the floor. There was a slight trickle of blood from his forehead.

"Put him on the table," ordered Doctor Anderson. "Then get me some hot water and clean linen. He isn't dead, just stunned by the shot."

They still talk about the shot out West. It wasn't a fluke but something that only the finest expert would have dared to try. Had it failed, who knows what might have happened? The next day a handcuffed Max Fraas was placed as a single passenger in the stagecoach. Dr. Anderson sat next to the driver and his horse was tied with a lead line to the back of the coach.

"We will make a detour at Fort Sill to deliver the prisoner," the medico told the sheriff. "Then I have to visit a rancher over the bend. Promised to check on his bad leg."

"One thing bothers me," said the sheriff. "Does he pay for the medical care or does Max Frass get it free of charge?"

"Guess I will call him a charity patient," laughed Doctor Anderson.

"Only in the sense you showed charity when you stunned him and didn't kill him," added Dottie. "Just hoping we all see you soon."



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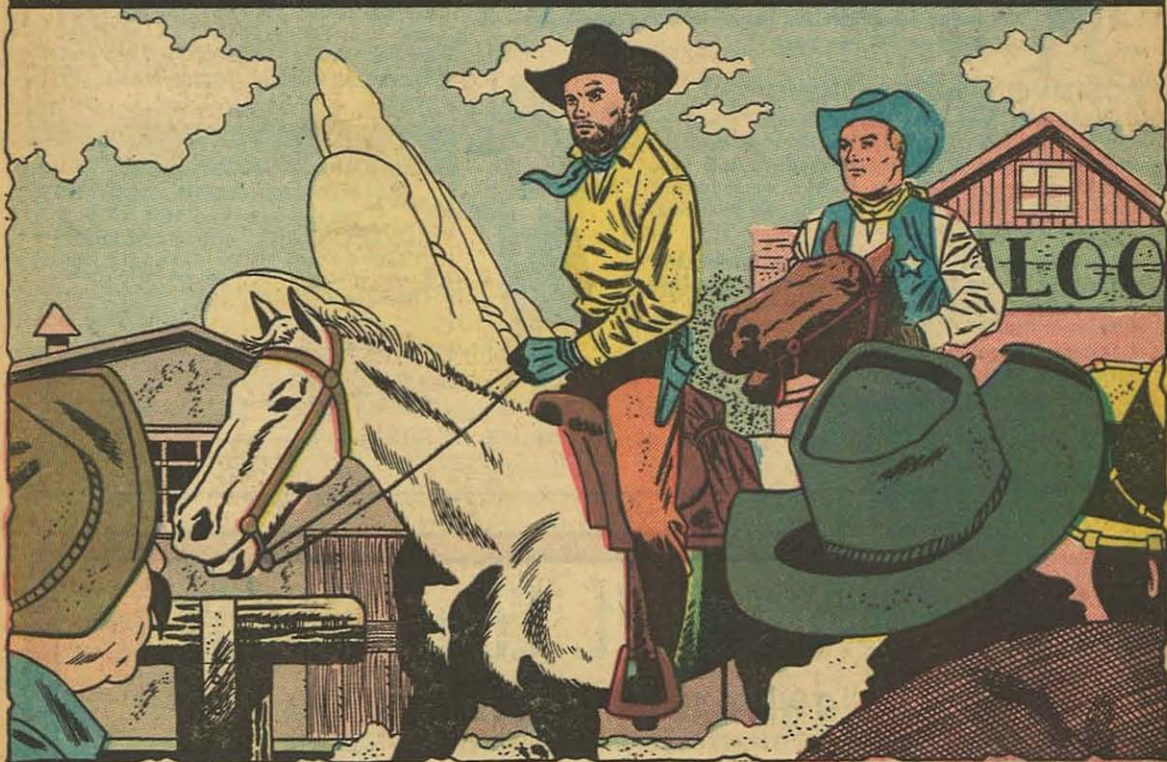


BILLY THE KID

TAILOR-MADE

# BAD MAN

THE U.S. MARSHAL AND HIS PRISONER ENTERED KENOE'S TOWN AND THE EYES OF EVERY ONE FOLLOWED THE LAWMAN! MANY QUESTIONABLE MEN PEERED AS MARSHAL AL BEDLOE HERDED THE PRISONER, DURKEE, BEFORE HIM!



AND IT WAS KENOE HIMSELF WHO SIGNALLED THE PRISONER AND SLYLY TOSSED A COLT!

CATCH IT, KID! MAKE THE FIRST SHOT GOOD!



YOU'RE NOT QUITE FAST ENOUGH, MARSHAL!





# BILLY THE KID

HERE, KEHOE! THE  
LAWMAN'S DONE! THANKS  
FOR THE FAVOR!

DON'T THANK ME  
DURKEE! I CAN USE  
YUH IN MY GANG!



KEHOE AND HIS  
GANG SADDLED UP! WHEN THEY RODE OUT, DURKEE  
WAS WITH THEM...

YUH HEARD OF ME, HUH  
DURKEE? WHAT WERE  
YUH IN THE YUMA PEN  
FOR?

FOR SHOOTIN' A  
GALLOOT FOR ASKIN'  
QUESTIONS!



HERE WE ARE! THE HIDEOUT! A POSSE  
TRIED TUH ROUND US UP WHEN WE HOLED  
UP THERE A MONTH AGO... WE SHOT 'EM  
AN' DISAPPEARED! NO ONE CAN GET  
US IN THERE! BUT DON'T YUH GET  
TOO CURIOUS!



KEHOE'S HEADQUARTERS WAS WELL GUARDED! A  
HIDDEN GUNMAN GUARDED EVERY APPROACH!

A THOUSAND MEN COULDN'T  
PASS THIS WAY, DURKEE!



SEE? THEM CLIFFS DO TWO THINGS...  
THEY KEEP US IN AND THE LAWYER OUT!  
NONE OF US CAN GET AWAY TUH SELL  
THE OTHERS OUT!

THAT MEANS ME  
TOO, HUH,  
KEHOE!





# BILLY THE KID

DURKEE WAS WATCHED LIKE A HAWK! FOR A FEW DAYS HE STAYED NEAR THE COOKFIRES... THEN HE BEGAN TO ROAM A LITTLE!



HOLD IT, AMIGO! THE NEXT ONE IS MUCHO SERIOUSO!

THAT MEANS FOR REAL, HUH? OKAY!



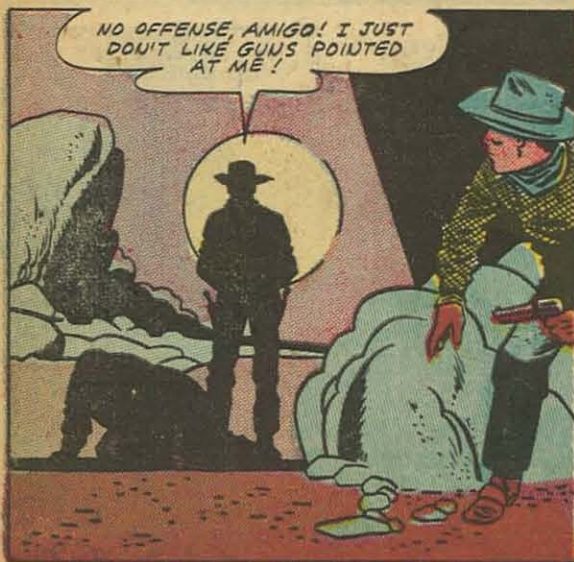
SI! EET MEANS DANGER! BACK DOWN THE TRAIL PRONTO!



HEY! LET GO OR...



NO OFFENSE, AMIGO! I JUST DON'T LIKE GUNS POINTED AT ME!



THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, MISTER!

HEY! CUT THAT OUT!





# BILLY THE KID

DURKEE ESCORTED THE TWO SPIES BACK TO CAMP!  
HE FOUND KEHOE BLAZING MAD...

THEY WATCHED  
YUH BY MY  
ORDERS,  
DURKEE!

I DON'T LIKE IT, KEHOE! IF YUH  
PULL A GUN, I'LL MAKE YUH  
REAL SORRY!



WHY ARGUE AMONG OURSELVES,  
KEHOE! YUH'LL HAVE TUH TRUST  
ME! I CAN HANDLE ANY OF  
YOUR BULLY BOYS!

I GUESS YORE  
RIGHT, DURKEE!  
GO AHEAD! ROAM  
AROUND!



DURKEE ROAMED... TWO DAYS LATER HE HAD A SIGNAL  
FIRE BUILT... READY TO BLAZE!

AL BEDLOE SHOULD BE OUT THERE  
WITH THE POSSE BY NOW! WHEN HE  
SEES THIS HE'LL COME ARUNNIN'!



WHAT'S GOIN' ON  
DURKEE? WHO  
BUILT THAT FIRE?

THERE'S TROUBLE  
COMIN', KEHOE!



TROUBLE! WHO FROM?  
YOU'RE A SPY,  
DURKEE!

THAT'S RIGHT, KEHOE...  
BUT YUH FOUND OUT  
TOO LATE!

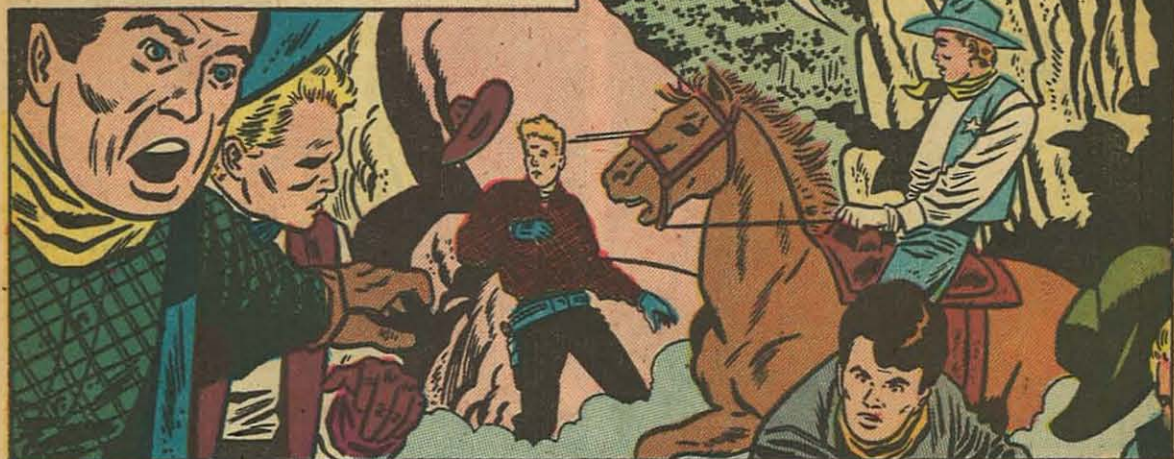




# BILLY THE KID

KEHOE HAD ALMOST THIRTY MEN WITH HIM IN THE HIDEOUT! THEY WERE EXPERT WITH COLT AND WINCHESTER... BUT... WOULDN'T STAND AND FIGHT!

ROUND 'EM UP, BOYS! WATCH OUT FOR DURKEE... DON'T SHOOT BY MISTAKE!

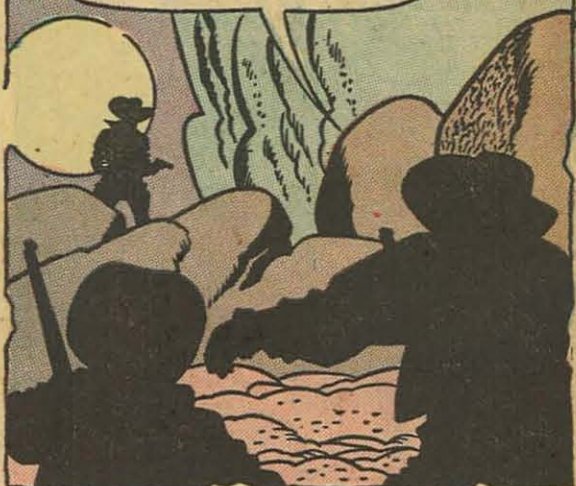


GET OUT BY THE PASS-IN THE BACK!

WE CAN'T! THAT SPY'S HOLED UP IN THE ROCKS!



GET HIM... IF WE'RE CAUGHT, WE'LL GO UP FOR LIFE!



I KNEW I'D GET YUH, KEHOE! I CAME A LONG WAY FOR THIS!



LATER, AFTER KEHOE'S MEN WERE ALL UNDER GUARD...

MARSHAL BEDLOE! YORE ALIVE!

YOU FELL FOR AN OLD TRICK, KEHOE! INCIDENTALLY, I DID COME OUTA YUMA PRISON... I JUST DELIVERED ONE LIKE YOU THERE A MONTH AGO!



END



# BILLY

# THE KID

## BILLY THE KID

### IN THE TRIP TO TOWN

IT WAS FOUR O'CLOCK WHEN BILLY THE KID CAME OUT OF THE BUNKHOUSE! HIS HORSE WAS SADDLED, WAITING...





# BILLY THE KID

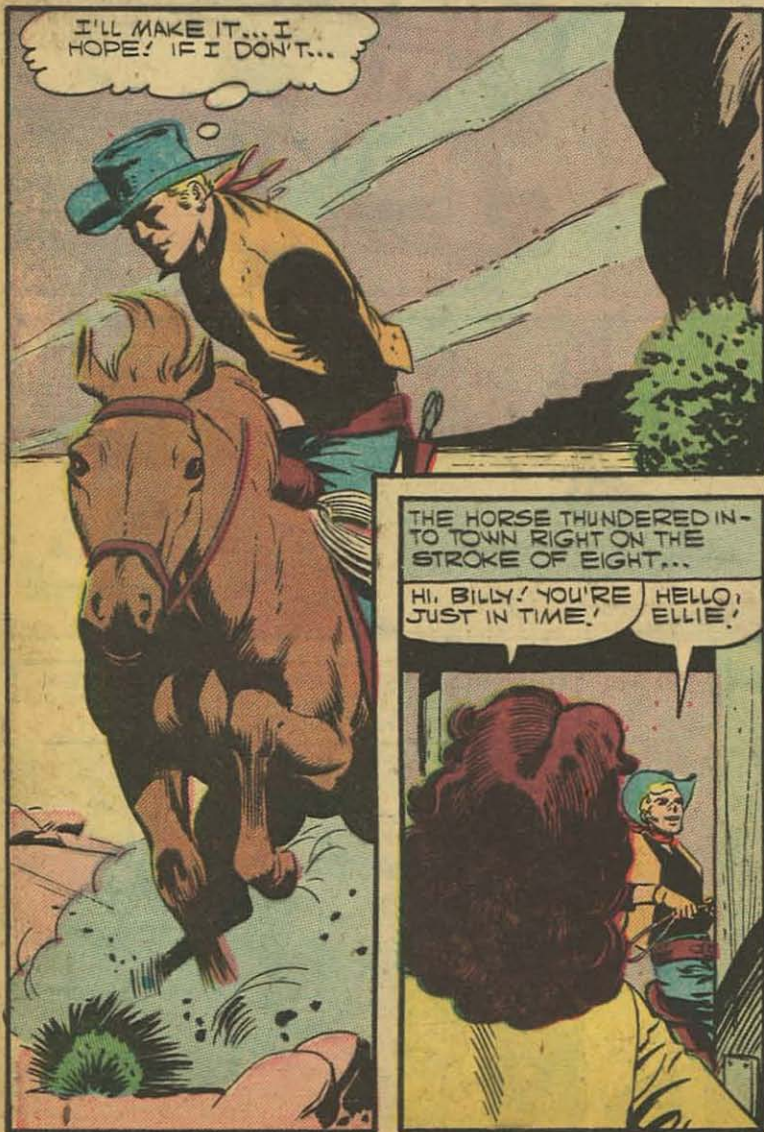


BILLY THE KID WAS TRAVELING TOO FAST TO USE ONE HORSE LONG! HE HAD A CHANGE OF HORSES WAITING...

TAKE CARE OF DUSTY, HANK! I'LL STOP FOR HIM ON THE WAY BACK!



I'LL MAKE IT... I HOPE! IF I DON'T...



I'LL BE RIGHT ON TIME!



THE HORSE THUNDERED IN- TO TOWN RIGHT ON THE STROKE OF EIGHT...

HI, BILLY! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!

HELLO, ELLIE!



DID YOU HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTING HERE, BILLY?

SHUCKS, NO! I JUST CLIMED ON- TO MY HORSE AND AMBLD OVER, NICE AND PEACEFUL! I DON'T MIND THE LONG TRIP WHEN I HAVE A DATE WITH YOU!



END



BILLY THE KID

# BILLY THE KID

LOOK AT THAT! HE'S PICKIN' ON THAT KID!

THAT KID CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF! WATCH...IT'S BILL BONNEY! THE TOUGH GUY'S GOT A SURPRISE COMIN'!



"YESSIR, WHEN BILLY WORKED AT THE DEPOT HE LOOKED REAL HARMLESS!" BUT EVEN THEN, HE PRACTICED EVERY DAY WITH HIS COLTS! 'COURSE, HE DIDN'T WEAR 'EM AROUND THE DEPOT...BUT EVEN SO, HE WAS A...

## BABY FACED TERROR



STAY OUTA THIS, BILLY!

LET ME ALONE!

BILLY THE KID IS AS TOUGH AS ANY OF THEM, EVEN WITH THE BABY FACE! WHY, WHEN HE WAS SIXTEEN, WORKIN' AT THE RAILROAD STATION, HE WAS A WILDCAT!





# BILLY THE KID

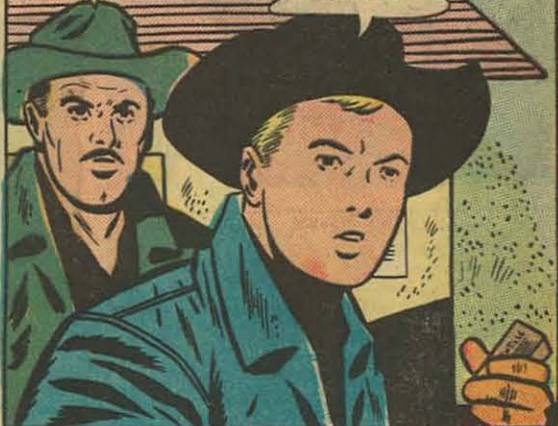


"BULL GRADY WAS AS BAD AS THEY COME, THE TOWNSMAN WENT ON, BUT HE JUST NEVER RAN INTO BILLY BONNEY BEFORE!"



HE'S TROUBLE, BILLY! HE WAS ASKIN' WHEN THE MONEY GETS SHIPPED OUT!

IN THAT CASE, I WON'T BURN THESE SHELLS PRACTICIN' LIKE I USUALLY DO! I'LL KEEP 'EM IN MY COLT, AN' KEEP THE COLT HANDY!



"BULL GRADY HAD A PARDNER IN TOWN! THE OTHER ONE WAS AN OWLHOOTER TOO! AN' THEY SHOWED UP RIGHT AFTER THE BANK SHIPMENT ARRIVED!"

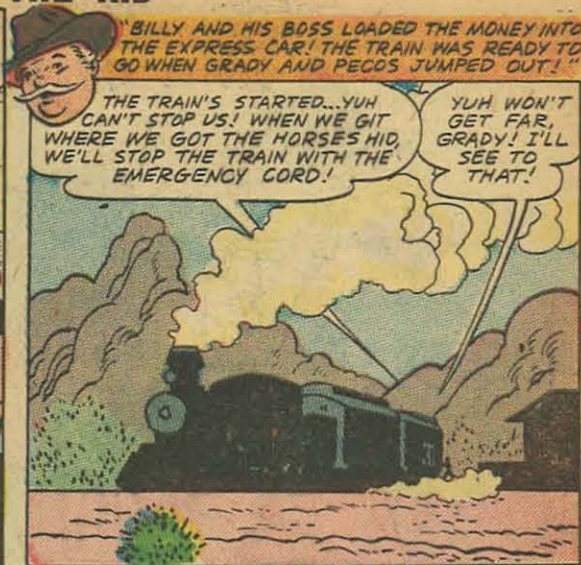


WHEN THE TRAIN COMES IN, LOAD THE BAGS ABOARD! DON'T SAY NOTHIN' TUH THE EXPRESS CAR MEN! WE'LL BE HERE WITH OUR COLTS COCKED, WAITIN'!





# BILLY THE KID





# BILLY THE KID

"MR. GRAY TOLD US WHAT HAPPENED THEN! BULL DIDN'T TRY TUH SHOOT BILLY! HE TURNED ON MR. GRAY..."

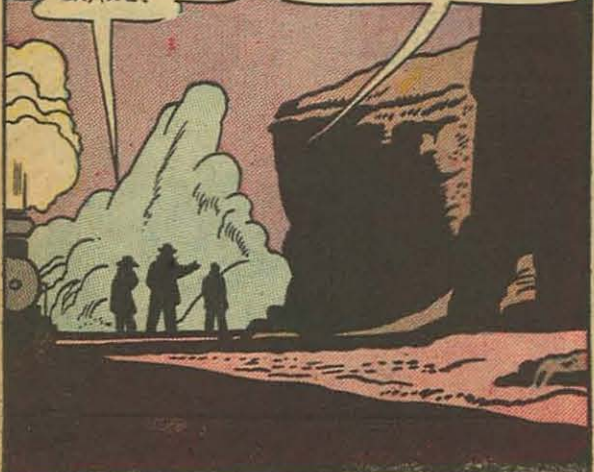


"IT WORKED REAL SLICK FOR GRADY! THE TRAIN STOPPED. BILLY LOADED THE MONEY ON THE SADDLE HORSE GRADY HAD WAITING! THEN GRADY MADE HIS MISTAKE..."

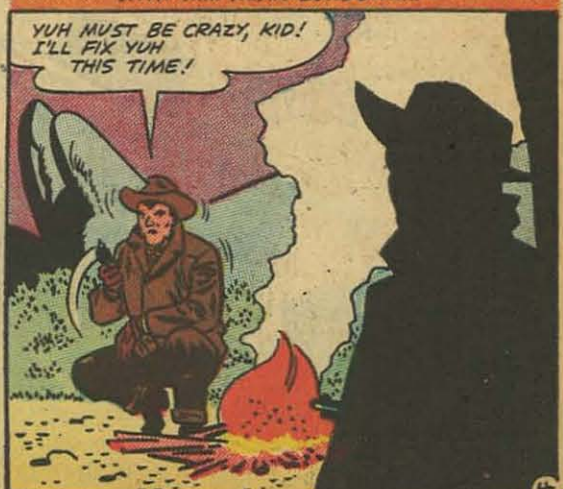


SOMEBODY HAND ME MY  
COLT! I'M GOIN' AFTER  
HIM IF I HAVE TUH  
CRAWL!

YUH CAN'T CATCH HIM ON  
FOOT, BILLY! ALL RIGHT...  
YUH CAN HAVE THE GUN!



"BILLY WAS IN GOOD SHAPE, I GUESS! HE HALF RAN,  
HALF STAGGERED AFTER GRADY! AND HE CAUGHT UP  
WITH HIM NEAR SUNDOWN..."





# BILLY THE KID

64AD 63

BULL GRADY TOLD THE SHERIFF THIS PART HIMSELF! HE SAYS HE KEPT SHOOTIN' AT BILLY...AN' BILLY KEPT WALKIN' TOWARD HIM!



YUH GOT A GUN...USE IT! WHY DON'T YUH SHOOT?

I ONLY GOT ONE BULLET, GRADY!

I WON'T MISS, GRADY!

I KEEP MISSIN'! I'M AIMIN' BUT... WHY DON'T YUH GO DOWN?



THE KID KEPT ON WALKIN'...THEM BABY BLUE EYES O' HIS LOCKED ON GRADY! AN' BULL GRADY, THE BADMAN KEPT SHOOTIN' UNTIL...



I'LL GET... MY GUN! IT'S EMPTY! GET BACK!

LOOKS LIKE I WON'T EVEN NEED ONE BULLET, LOUDMOUTH!



BILLY MADE BULL GRADY WALK BACK TO THE TRAIN! BILLY RODE IN STYLE, WATCHING THE BANK MONEY!



TAKE ME TUH JAIL... BUT KEEP THAT BABY FACED WILDCAT AWAY FROM ME!

I COULD'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT HIM, GRADY! BILLY'S A BOY NOW, BUT HE'S GONNA BE A WHALE OF A MAN!

BETTER TELL THE SHERIFF TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM! HE'S A LOUDMOUTH BUT HE MIGHT BE DANGEROUS TO SOME FOLKS!

NO, HE WON'T, BILLY! HE'LL BE IN JAIL WHERE HE WON'T BOTHER ANYONE FOR A LONG TIME! BY THEN, HE'LL HAVE LEARNED HIS LESSON!





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